

# RIGHT HERE IN NEW YORK

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## New York's Sinister East Side Gunmen "On the Carpet" To-Day to See "The Boss"



**An Inside Story of the Thin-Faced, Hollow-Chested, Flashy, Dope Fiend Gangsters, Who Make the "Apaches" of Paris Look Like Amateurs, Now Being "Rounded Up" by the Police.**

A big section of east side New York is in the grip of the gunmen. Murders, shootings, holdups, gang fights in which bystanders are shot down by stray bullets, are happening every few days. The worldwide known Apaches of Paris are timid amateurs compared to the quick-acting dope fiend gunmen of east side. The police thus far have failed to get them. The Kehillah is going to try it. Kehillah, a great Jewish organization of business men, backed by a war fund, is out to exterminate the gunman. Can they do it? The gunmen laugh at the suggestion, or they did until yesterday, when it became suddenly known that the name of every gun fighter in the east side was listed by the Kehillah under the heading "Who's Who in the East Side." and beside each name the name of the gangster, his address, and his real enemies of some man through whom the gangster was to be killed. When the word went out from all the holes and tortuous alleys of the east side that there was positive money in the campaign of the Kehillah, organization had inside information from some source, and so to-day money is gone from the gangster's pocket as he prepares to fight. It will be war to the death. Furthermore, war on the east side is bloodshed and murder, wanton free. It only needs the first move, the climax. Yesterday vicious gunmen were trailing in under escort, surrounded on the "carpet" at Police Headquarters, while the sleuths endeavored to browbeat from the cunning ones the names of those who shot William Lustig "Humpty" Jackson's restaurant on Avenue Monday night. When "Humpty" himself was taken to "see the boss" on a charge of living stolen goods, which every east side knows is a charge concealing nothing bigger. The war is on, and, right here in New York, we may see a chapter of civilization either continued after big moments of thrills, or concluded in a burst of the echo of automatics. The gangs were well supplied with money. Their form of levying toll on the defenseless merchants under pain of death has netted them a big war fund. Not content with plain holdups, they have inaugurated the business of collecting from push cart peddlers a tribute of from fifty cents to a dollar a week. Streets are partitioned off so that each gang has its territory. For instance, the "Little Archie" gang, members of which shot William Lustig, have their business streets on Rivington,

Broome and Grand, and no other gang molests their legitimate prey. There are gangs all over the city, but on the east side they are thickest. Fifty organized bands hold forth in that district. They have their own underworld code of conduct. Any day the east side merchant leaning over his counter is likely to be approached by three or more villainous looking youths who bring a demand for money. They do this under various guises. There are fake raffles, balls and benefits which the merchant knows will never take place. Yet when he is asked to buy a hundred tickets he knows that refusal means a beating, probably his death. The moment a gangster is arrested a benefit is arranged. Under some simple name like "The Three Jolly Fellows" the band prepares tickets for a testimonial ball to the unfortunate one. The gangster in prison is probably there waiting trial for assaulting a merchant who had courage enough to refuse his demand. Now occurs the great grim joke of the gangs. Other merchants are forced to buy the benefit tickets, the money from which will go to freeing the very man who is preying on them. These are the prosperous days of the gunman. Along Delancey street, for example, are hundreds of peddlers with push carts lined up at the street curb. Once a week the gang on whose particular street the push cart man makes a thorough tour. The push cart man sees and knows the gangster, who is generally a thin-faced, hollow-cheated user of cocaine, coming. He can appeal to the corner policeman or he can obey the threat whispered in his ear. For a matter of fifty cents and to avoid a beating, or perhaps death, he pays up. And so on along the line. If you don't believe it go right up to a peddler and say, "Gimme four bits quick." Watch what happens. If your man happens to be the same cowering venter who had his stand near Suffolk street last night he will reach into a purse made of bed ticking and hand you a half-dollar without comment. And this too with a policeman standing a hundred feet away and a police station diagonally across the street. Of course you had better give back the money, although when you throw it on the cart and start away you leave behind a bewildered Jewish peddler, staring after you with baffled eyes and pulling his long beard. These are truly the fat days for the gangster. Every evening you can see him leaving in an automobile for the gangster's playground, Coney Island. The true gangster seems to walk. He can afford to ride in state, and so could you, if you had simply made the rounds of terrified merchants and taken \$50 that afternoon for your hour of robbery. So they go to Coney evenings, like the kings of Wall street, and spend almost as freely. The gangster on an outing at Coney is another story, which may some time be told on this page. The Kehillah is trying a campaign of

educating the merchants to resist the gunman's demands. They say it can be done. Chairman E. B. Goodman of the Welfare Committee is the man at the head of the Kehillah's gunmen fighting organization, and he has declared his contempt for the gangster on many occasions. He points to the fact that he is still alive although every gangster knows he is working for his arrest. This fact, he contends, should teach the merchant that the proper thing to do is resist. But the visible consequences of resisting are many and terrible. The storekeeper who refuses is marked. It may take weeks, but he knows that sooner or later the heavy club will fall on him from behind, or perhaps a swift stab of flame in the night will spell death. This is not vaporing; you read of like occurrences every few days, to put it on an average. In the old days the gangs fought with fist and club, and resulted from political affiliations. With the coming of "Mawkie" Eastman revolutionaries were introduced, and in succession leaders of brains held the gangs together. The last of the big leaders was "Big" Jack Zelig. He and his crowd on the inside of the organization never bothered with small fry. His ideas brought the fake raffle game. He could see the larger enterprises of the gang, but left the smaller things to the bull-necked, flat-footed, slow-going members of the gang. They were the "mawkies," so called from the Yiddish word which designated their dunder-headed, money-mad, slow-moving brains. They were the servants of the quick and the active. They walked errands for such men as Zelig, Edie Yaller, "Kid" Twist and the rest of the "daring" gunmen. Then suddenly came the death of Zelig, shot by Red Paul Davidson in a street car. The organization held together with Zelig split into twenty factions with as many grievances. Davidson, a "mawkie," had killed a gang leader. This marked the rise of the "mawkies." The greater number of gunmen on the east side to-day are "mawkies." It took them to conceive the idea of holding up push-cart peddlers for 50 cents a week. If there existed a ten-cent graft anywhere there would be "mawkies" to gather it in. They are mean, cunning, low, but they spend money freely. Stuss games get their coin. They know the game is crooked, for they are coppers for a crooked game elsewhere themselves, still they attack up against it nightly. The remnants of the old type gunmen, some fifty in number, are those who go to Coney by the automobile route. They still make the "mawkies" contribute. The "mawkies" are white slaves, done goods and degenerates. Their gangs are still led by individuals of the old type and the district boundaries are kept. That is one thing which protects citizens in Harlem from the arm of the east side gang. Harlem has its own. A short time ago the "Bear Cat" Levy gang from Williamsburg creased over and shot Nate Levy, because his gang had encroached in Brooklyn. The "Natie" Levy gang is still doing business on the east side. So is the Chick Tricker gang, although the leader is absent. On the carpet at headquarters yesterday, and more coming to-day, stood the greater part of the "Little Archie" and "Young Terry" gangs. "Young Terry" is noted as missing and wanted at Centre street. Johnny Spanish is "doing a bit," but the gang he organized is still operating. "Humpty" Jackson is trying to be

good, but doesn't seem to be able to get away from the vicinity of shootings. "Dopey" Benny was called to headquarters yesterday and the police were able to run lightly over the names of his gang, which amazed Benny. In fact, the gunmen learned that their names are known and that their whereabouts hereafter when shootings are pulled off will be inquired into. At first they thought it was the work of the stool pigeon. They now see they have been mistaken. It was the work of the "book" organization, the Kehillah which they derided. And this is how it was accomplished. When Zelig's funeral took place the gunmen thought it a splendid idea to parade after the hearse. They came in numbers and showed respect for the dead. And all along the route were members of the Kehillah and detectives taking their names and looking them up at leisure. While they showed off their strength the wise hunters marked them for the fall. The gunmen were honoring a dead leader who would never have permitted such a parade. Zelig was not a "mawkie" and there were no lists in his time. All of which brings us down to the present. The Kehillah has the goods and is ready for the war. Meantime the gunmen make merry. They continue to shoot, stab, hold up and ride to Coney over the rubber tire route. Can the Kehillah wipe them out? The show down is coming! **Could Eat Anything.** De Wolf Hopper is telling this one: Business had been dead as the proverbial doornail. Consequently, Bagster was not in an amiable frame of mind. He entered a restaurant, seated himself at a table and frowned ferociously. "Bring me a chicken," he growled, addressing the weary-looking waiter. "Sorry, sir," replied the waiter, "but we haven't a chicken in the place." "Then I'll have a chop or a steak. But for my sake and for yours, I can't have a chop or a steak." "I'm afraid, sir, that we are out of chops and steaks." "Then what the devil have you got?" demanded the hungry and angry man. "We have the salt-life in sir," replied the waiter apologetically. "Well, hang it all, man, be quick and bring me a salad!" **AN AMERICAN KNIGHT.** At Brooklyn, headquarters of the Reading (Pa.) Iron company, has been honored by the King of Sweden with a decoration of knighthood in recognition of his work in strengthening the international friendship between these countries. **40,000 CANDLE POWER.** A new light, with a forty thousand candle power light (the largest in the world) and an improved foghorn device, has been placed at Mersey bar, near Liverpool England.

## New York's Latest--The Water Tango; They Dance It in the Surf and on the Beach



**Just a Noon-Day and Moon-Light Glimpse of What's What on the City's Beaches This Half Holiday and Every Other Day and Evening of the Dance Summer of Nineteen-One-Three.**



By Nikola Greeley-Smith.

The water-tango has struck the beach about New York. Down at Manhattan, Brighton and Coney Island any afternoon these days, when the hotel bands begin to play any one of fifty-seven varieties of half-time, beach bathing and sea bathers alike seize the nearest partner and begin to trot or to boston or to castaway. The sight is curious if scarcely beautiful. Young women in dripping bathing suits with wisps of hair streaming from under rubber caps do not suspect Venus rising from the sea even though we know that if Venus were to rise anywhere from the Battery to Coney Island this summer she would fall automatically into the Hot Tation Glide. For weeks the guests at country and sea shore hotels have counted no day well spent which did not begin with a



for the first time and inquired wonderingly of the man who took him, "Why don't they make the servants do it?" And then in the very midst of your superior thoughts, some one says, "Come on now, just try it. I'll teach you." In one of those weak moments when your guardian angel is off his beat you succumb. And the next thing you know you are a turkey trotter. You worry about keeping the step as you never have worried about keeping the Commandments. You gaze with admiring awe at the expert trotters, the rare and accomplished creatures who know instinctively just when to dip and when to grapevine and whose feet behave under the most trying conditions. You recall that a few nights ago you were sitting peacefully at a library table reading a dry old book by some saddest sociologist who never even heard of the turkey trot. And you marvel how you managed to live in those dim days, when you were only a vegetable with the reading habit and didn't know a boston from a minuet. Meantime, in a thousand laboratories scientists are searching for the germ of every known and unknown disease save this devastating epidemic of the trot. Apparently there is no age limit for turkey-trotters. No one is too old and no one is too young. You see charming little girls of eight and ten dancing with a grace and absence of self-consciousness that few grown women possess. You see old ladies with white hair bobbing with the best of them and until you do it yourself you don't understand it. You look at it and you ask: "Is it possible that an immortal soul can amuse itself by inventing crazy ways of getting about a room when it's so much pleasanter and cooler to sit right where you are and let the water do the turkey-trotting?" You think, too, of the Chinese Ambassador who saw the beauty and chivalry of England dancing together

You don't know when or how you will get it. All you know is that neither age nor sex renders you immune and that it is relentless once it gets it fangs in you. Like paranoia, it is incurable and progressive. Once you have it your lease of sanity, if not of life, may be predicted within a few days or hours. Nothing short of mania could induce women of all ages and sizes to dance on the sand in all the dripping dishevelment of clinging bathing suits. Once you have trotted or tangoed you lose all moral perspective. You don't know whether trotting is right or wrong. You don't care. All you know is that you've just got to dance when the band starts playing or when somebody puts on a new record. You may not be doing it now, of course. Some constitutions resist the germ for a long time. Mine did. You may not be among those who follow the pastime in its latest phase of the water tango among those who are content to dance on a New York roof garden after the show is over and they have been pouring recklessness down their throats all evening. If you are still a quiet wife and mother, a dignified, important father of a family, remember not to be puffed up about it, nor look upon the trotters and rejoice that you are not even as they. For your hour will come. And whether it is on a roof garden or a beach or in a country home, past experience will count you nothing, past sobriety avail you nothing. At a given moment you will arise and trot. Why? Nobody knows. With all other dances, the trot must owe some of its popularity to the fact that it enables people to be together a long time without finding each other out. Also it gives us all a new insight into values. For under its influence men heavy with honors observe eagerly and humbly while some little schoolroom stuff ball teaches them a new step and women are baffled by the intricacies of the tango who can untie a problem of calculus as easily as if it were a dancing slipper. Old or young, sage or silly, take warning. Call on the mountains to hide you, or the fool-killer to come and get you, for some day, somewhere, the turkey gobline will get you-- IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT. **In Literary Circles.** THE COLLECTED WRITINGS OF WILLIAM RAYMOND BILL were received yesterday at the New York Public Library. The donor was Mr. Andrew Carnegie. "I don't care who denies it, that fellow Shakespeare wrote good stuff," said Joe Weber yesterday at the Authors' Club. "It's perfectly phenomenal to be simple once more," remarks Miss Julia Sanderson on her return to the dramatic temples of Broadway and Forty-two. **METHOD IN IT.** "Don't you think, dear," began Comfy, "that our next-door neighbors, the Scabbies, are putting on a great deal too much style, considering the fact that they never know from day to day where the next meal is coming from?" "Well," replied Mrs. Comfy, "you see, the more style they put on the more likely they are to be invited out to dinner."

## On Fifth Avenue, New York, Friday, August 8

